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DEC
THE DOCTOR ISN'T HIMSELF TODAY...

Stan Lee presents

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# INTRODUCTION by Jim Salicrup

Welcome to the third time-travelling issue of **DOCTOR WHO**. Take your hat and scarf off and set a spell. If you just joined us, I'll explain what's going on around here. We're presenting, for the first time in color, stories about everyone's favorite Time Lord that were originally published by Marvel's British office in the now-monthly **DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE**. *Doctor Who* is the BBC's longest-running science-fiction program and is seen in North America on many local television stations. **The Doctor's** popularity is growing every day and we couldn't be happier. You'll notice when you read these timeless tales that some of the words are spelled funny. Don't worry. We're just sticking to the original British spellings. **The Doctor** himself may be an alien, but his adventures are very British!

Speaking of which, I just had the pleasure of meeting face-to-face the very British **Dave Gibbons** himself. Despite **Dave's** contributing all-new covers to this series I had only communicated with him via trans atlantic phone calls. Well, it was a kick to finally meet this talented artist in person. We had a great time talking about his experiences illustrating the Time Lord. **Dave** surprised me when he admitted that when he accepted the pencilling, inking and lettering chores on **the Doctor's** strip that he wasn't an expert on all things **DOCTOR WHO**. It was rather hard for me to believe, considering just how incredibly well he captured the essence of the show in his work. I then confessed that I, too, wasn't a hard core follower of **the Doctor** when I originally started editing the American editions. Somehow it all didn't seem to matter much. **The Doctor's** comic book adventures stand up quite well, even if you've never seen the television episodes. And if you have seen the television series, you'll enjoy the comic even more.

But once the **DOCTOR WHO** bug bites you, you may never be the same. For example, **Patrick Daniel O'Neill**, our resident expert on **the Doctor** was quick to tell me that **the Doctor's** name is **the Doctor** and not **Doctor Who**. This can be confusing considering that the show itself is called *Doctor Who* and **Peter Cushing** played a character called **Doctor Who** in two films. **Patrick** also insisted that I never refer to **the Doctor** as **Dr.** either. One wrong move and I'm in trouble. **Maggie Thompson**, another Time Lord expert, set me straight on exactly how many actors have played the good **Doctor**. Nine. Now don't expect me to rattle off their names — I'm still new at this. (I'd be remiss in my duties if I didn't mention that **Maggie** is also co-editor of **THE COMICS BUYER'S GUIDE**, an excellent weekly newspaper covering every aspect of the comic book field, including lots of coverage on **the Doctor**. If you're not already a subscriber and would like a free sample copy of **CBG**, send your name and address to: FREE COPY, The Comics Buyer's Guide, 700 E. State Street, Iola, WI 54990. Be sure to include your zip code and tell 'em that Marvel sent ya!)

**Mr. Gibbons** had some more interesting tidbits concerning the creation of the **DOCTOR WHO** comics, but I'll get to that next issue — which features an all-new, all-sensational wrap-around cover by **Dave**. In the meantime, enjoy this issue, keep watching **the Doctor** on the tube, and send us your letters of comment concerning this little mag of ours! See you in the future!

JIM SALICRUP!

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THE DEVIL SPAWNED THEM -- BUT WHO CONTROLLED THEM ??

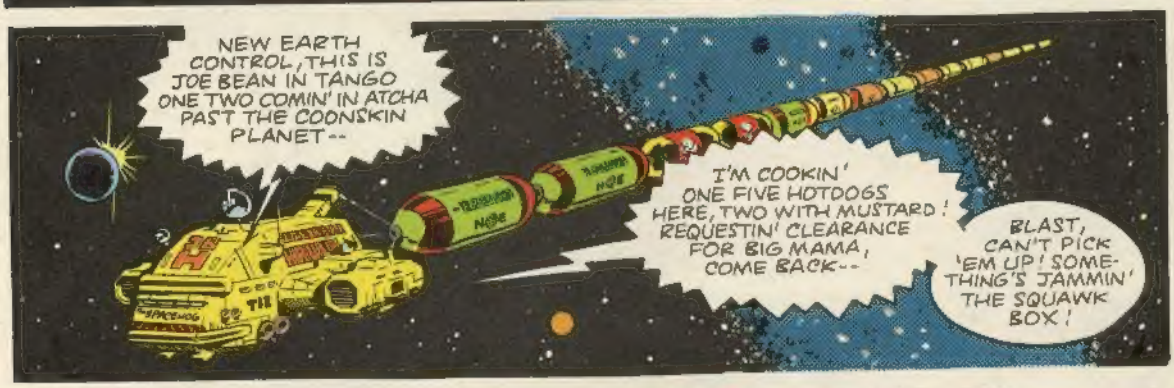
GET THE WOMEN AND KIDFOLK BACK TO THE ALAMO! WE'LL TRY TO HOLD THEM OFF!
WELCOME
NOW, YOUR WERELOK SOLDIER IS A STUPID BEAST, BUT HE DOES OBEY CERTAIN WELL-KNOWN RULES OF COMBAT...
BITE CLEAN! MOVE ON!
LEAVE YOUR MARK!
TOOTH AND CLAW MUST BE SHARP AND CLEAN. VENOM DUCTS KEPT FREE OF OBSTRUCTION...
FOR THIS TASK A REGULATION NUMBER FOUR BRUSH-FILE IS PROVIDED...
AAAHH!
YES, YOUR WERELOK SOLDIER HAS A UNIQUE WEAPON, AND HE TAKES CARE OF IT. FOR EVEN A FOOL KNOWS WHEN HE'S ONTO A GOOD THING--
RUN! RUN FOR THE ALAMO!
NO SHOOT, MEAT-HEAD! LEDDEM GO!
INSIDE THE 'ALAMO' METEOR DOME, COLONY COMMANDER BIG BILL BREWSTER TAKES STOCK--
STILL NO CONTACT WITH NEW EARTH? OKAY, KEEP TRYING! DOC, GIVE ME A CASUALTY REPORT!

FIFTY-ONE DEAD, COMMANDER. LOT OF PEOPLE WITH SCRATCHES AND CUTS. WE'RE PUMPING THEM FULL OF ANTI-B.
SEE YOU GOT A SCRATCH YOURSELF, DOC! WELL, FIFTY DEAD AIN'T TOO BAD. NOT TOO BAD AT ALL!
NIGHT FALLS, AND TWO DISTANT PLANETS RISE IN THE SKY LIKE TWIN MOONS...
THEY'RE STILL OUT THERE! WHAT'RE THEY WAITING FOR?
PLANNING AN ATTACK, I BET! LET 'EM! NOTHING SHORT OF A NUCLEAR BLAST WILL CRACK THIS DOME!
FEELING QUEASY, DOC?
IT'S THESE SCRATCHES...
FEAR, MORE LIKE! YOU'LL GET OVER IT! WHEN YOU'VE DONE THIRTY YEARS IN THE COLONIES LIKE I HAVE, NOTHING FRIGHTENS YOU!

YES SIR, THIRTY YEARS! BELIEVE ME, DOC, THE COLONIES CAN CHANGE A MAN!

UUH UU
UL HH!
RRAAA!
DOC!

OH, MY GRIEF! ALL OF THEM!
BY 8:12 DAVY CROCKETT TIME, ALL HUMAN LIFE IS EXTINGUISHED...
BIG

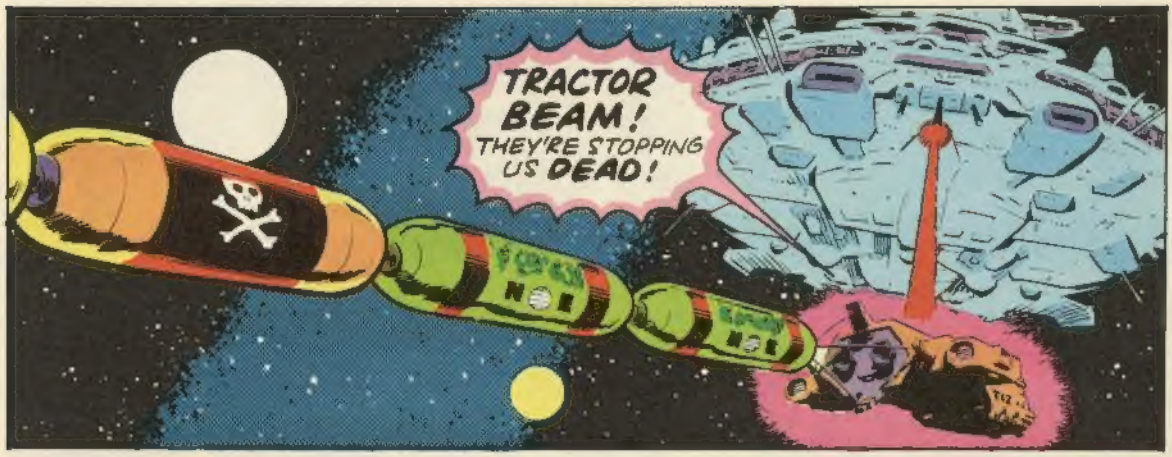

NEW EARTH CONTROL, THIS IS JOE BEAN IN TANGO ONE TWO COMIN' IN ATCHA PAST THE COONSKIN PLANET--
I'M COOKIN' ONE FIVE HOTDOGS HERE, TWO WITH MUSTARD! REQUESTIN' CLEARANCE FOR BIG MAMA, COME BACK--
BLAST, CAN'T PICK 'EM UP! SOMETHING'S JAMMIN' THE SQUAWK BOX!

MERCY SAKES!
BABE! GET UP HERE! YOU AIN'T GONNA BELIEVE THIS--

I DON'T BELIEVE IT, AN' I'M LOOKIN' AT IT!

HERE WE ARE, SHARON--BLACKCASTLE ENGLAND! WELL, PROBABLY BLACKCASTLE. YOU NEVER CAN BE SURE WITH THE TARDIS...
I CAN'T GET THE DOOR OPEN!
DEAR ME, YES! BREAKDOWN IN THE VERTICAL HOLD! IT'S HIGH TIME THE TARDIS HAD ITS TEN THOUSAND YEAR SERVICE...

THE DOCTOR CORRECTS THE FAULT--
BLACKCASTLE, ENGLAND, EARTH..?
AN' TIC TAC TOE TO YOU, GOOD BUDDY! HAUL YOUR JERKY OUT HERE AN' LET ME AN' BABE GET A LOOK ATCHA--
I'M THE DOCTOR. THIS IS SHARON AND K-9. I'M TRYING TO GET SHARON BACK TO EARTH. I APPEAR TO BE SLIGHTLY OFF TARGET...
LIGHT YEARS OFF, BUB! YOU'RE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GALAXY!
THIS IS THE NEW EARTH SYSTEM! YOU'RE ON THE SPACEHOG, PRIDE AND JOY OF THE JOE BEAN HAULAGE LINE, INWARD BOUND FROM GAMMA ONE--
SPACEHOG
DUNNO HOW I'M GONNA EXPLAIN THIS TO THE INSURANCE COMPANY!
YOU'RE NOT COVERED FOR 'ACT OF TARDIS'? WHAT A PITY!
LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE, MR. BEAN--I BET NOT MANY SPACE SHIPS HAVE THEIR OWN WISHING WELL!
SPARE ME THE SMART-SMARTS, BUDDY! GET YOUR FUNNY HUTCH OUTTA HERE! IT'S JAMMING MY RAYDIDDIO!
REALLY? IT'S MOST UNUSUAL FOR THE TARDIS TO INTERFERE WITH SIGNAL TRANSMISSION...
WHAAA--?
THAT MIGHT EXPLAIN THE PROBLEM!


TRACTOR BEAM! THEY'RE STOPPING US DEAD!

ABOARD THE BATTLECRAFT, WERELOK ASSAULT TROOPS PREPARE. PACK LEADER BRILL'S INSTRUCTIONS ARE REFRESHINGLY SIMPLE...
KILL!
49
49

BRILL'S VICIOUSNESS ABOVE AND BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY HAS WON HIS PACK THE TITLE OF 'THE FESTERING FORTY-NINTH'--
STRIKE HARD! STRIKE DEEP! NO WASTE TIME WID NEAT CLAW PATTERNS! DIS WIPEOUT RAID!

THEY'RE LAUNCHING LIMPET PODS!

ABOARD THE 'SPACEHOG'--
I OUGHT TO GET SHARON HERE BACK TO EARTH, BUT I CAN'T RUN OUT AND LEAVE YOU--
JUST ONE FAT SECOND, BUDDY! HOW DO WE KNOW YOU AIN'T HUNKIE MONKIES WITH THESE POD POACHERS, COME BACK...
JOE MEANS, HOW DO WE KNOW YOU'RE NOT IN WITH THESE RAIDERS?
I THINK I CAN PROVE THAT. LET'S SEE ...JELLY BABIES... ASTRAL COMPASS... BAG OF MARBLES ... AH! HERE WE ARE--

A PHOTO OF ME ON THE BEACH ON THE PLANET VORLAG. THAT'S GOOM, THE PRIME VLAG -- TERRIBLY NICE CHAP-- AND AS EVERYBODY KNOWS, VLAGGANS WON'T BE SEEN DEAD WITH ANYONE OF BAD CHARACTER.

THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME, JOE. THIS GUY'S TOO CRAZY TO BE DANGEROUS!
STRAIGHT FOR THE COOKIE COOP, BABE! OKAY, GOOD BUDDY--YOU'RE IN!

SHARON AND THE WOMAN RUN TO THE ENGINE DECK--
BABE ROTH'S MY NAME--CO-OWNER AND ENGINEER OF THE SPACEHOG. THE ENGINE DECK'S THE SAFEST PLACE--IF ANYPLACE IS SAFE!
AW, I'M NOT WORRIED! I'M GETTING USED TO FIGHTING CREATURES FROM SPACE!

I'M GONNA RIP HIS HOOK, BABE! SHOOT ME THAT MOOSE JUICE!
YOU GOT IT, JOE!

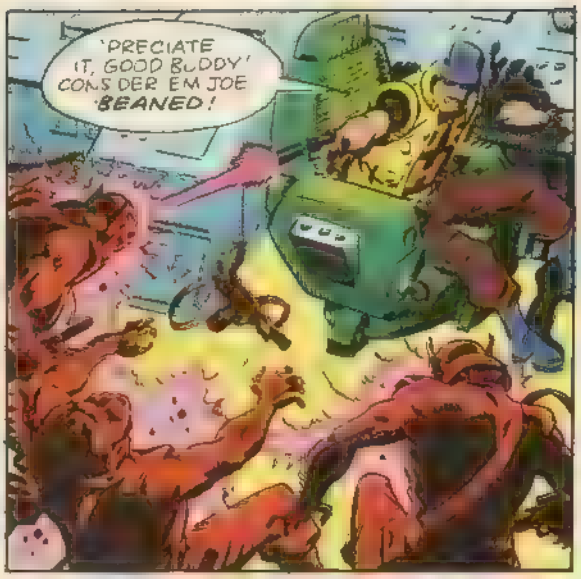
THE 'SPACEHOG'S' ENGINES FLARE--

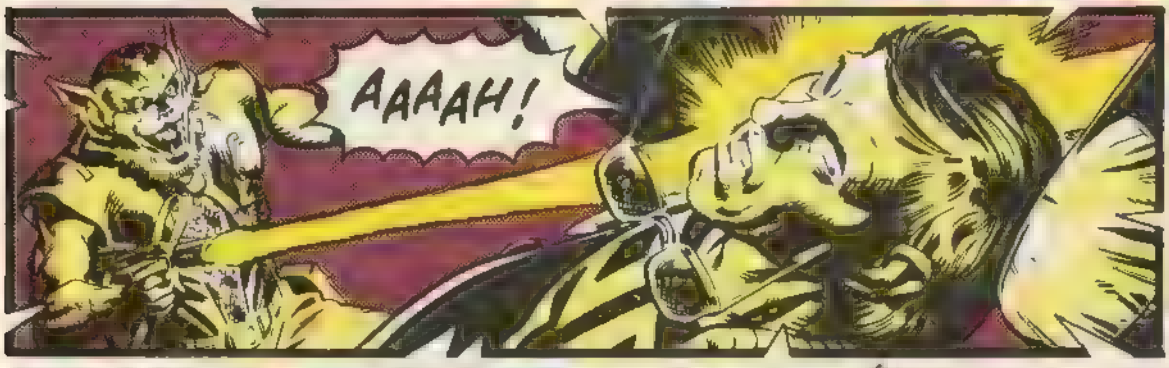
WE'RE BEING BOARDED! YOUR CARGO, MAN -- IT'S CREATING TOO MUCH DRAG! RELEASE IT!
The SPACEHOG

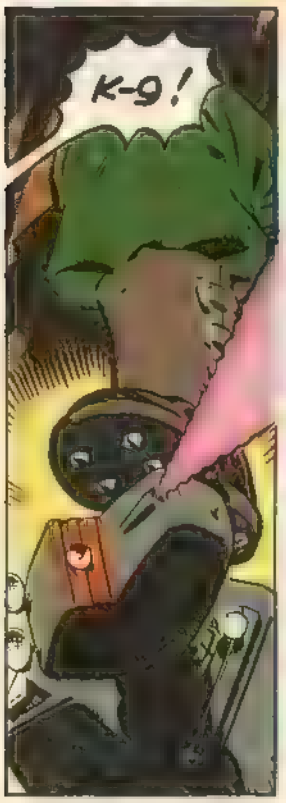
THAT'S A BIG NIX, GOOD BUDDY! NO SELF-RESPECTIN' SPACE TRUCKER DITCHES HIS DOGS! THE HOG CAN DO IT, I TELL YA!

THEY'RE BURNING THROUGH!
I HATE TO BE A BACK-SEAT DRIVER, BUT THERE'S REALLY NO TIME TO ARGUE!
ITS BURDEN RELEASED, THE 'SPACEHOG' RIPS FREE--
NO BEAM CAN FOLLOW SUCH HUGE ACCELERATION--
INSIDE, AS JOE BEAN STRUGGLES TO REGAIN CONTROL--
THEY'RE IN!
SOME KIND OF WOLVINE RACE! K-9--DO YOUR STUFF!
YES, MASTER.

THE DOCTOR HAD REPAIRED K-9--
STUN BEAM FUNCTIONING PERFECTLY, MASTER
THANK GOODNESS FOR SMALL MERCIES! JOE! MORE BEHIND YOU!

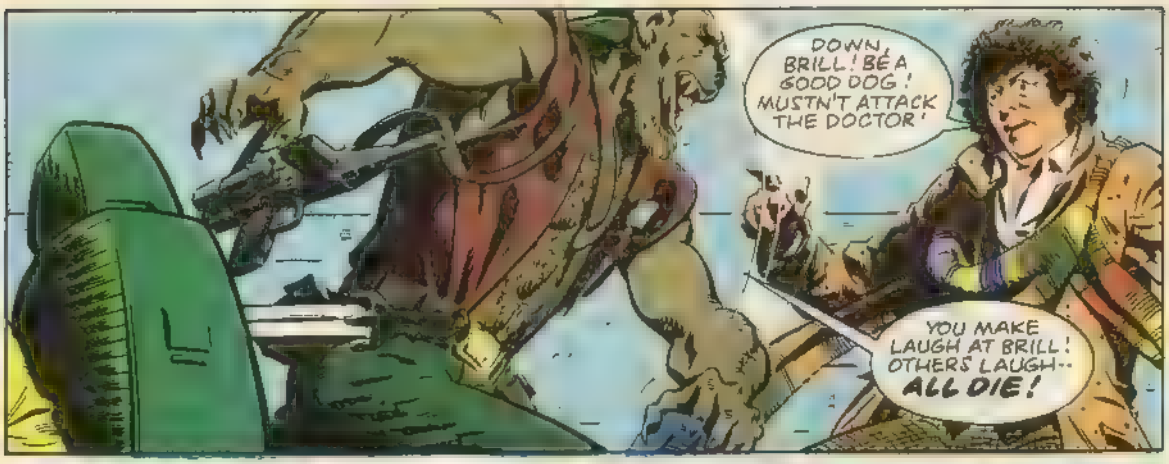

'PRECIATE IT, GOOD BUDDY! CONS DER EM JOE BEANED!

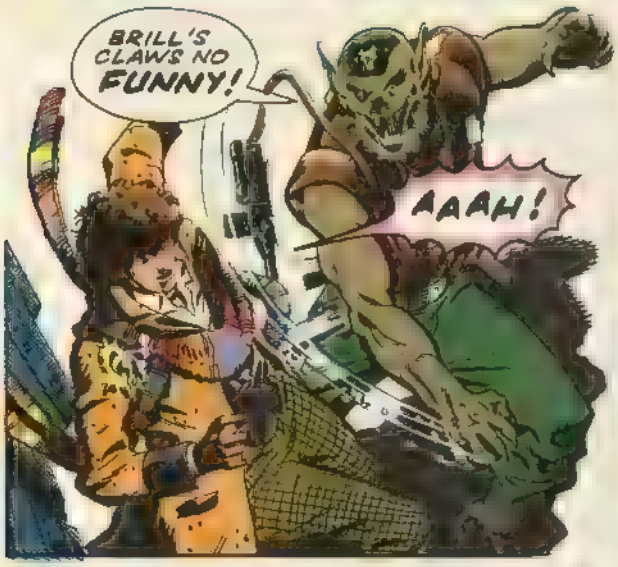

AAAAH!

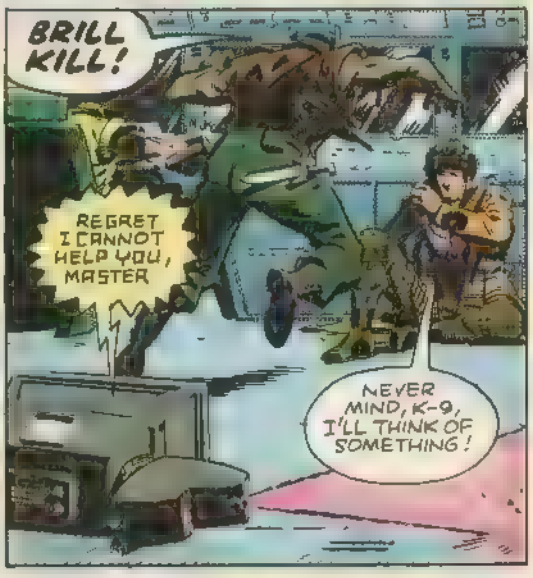

K-9!

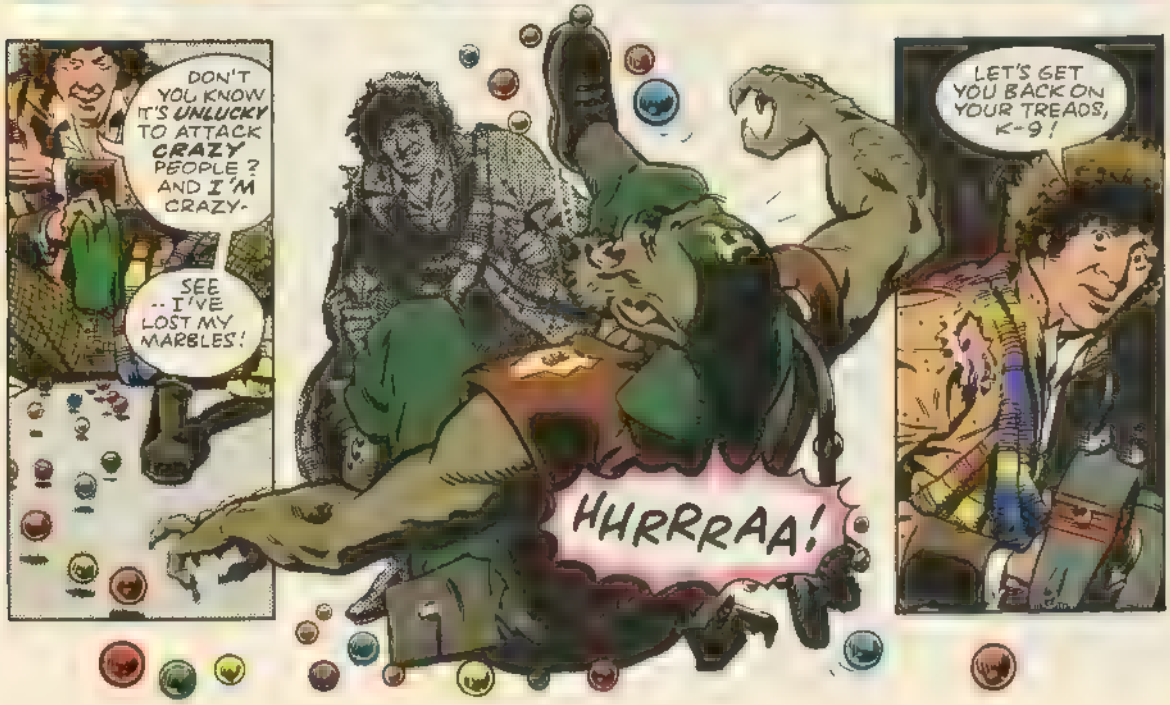
YOU! CHECKSEE OTHER PLACES!
YES, BRILL!

BRILL HANDLE DIS ONE!


DOWN, BRILL! BE A GOOD DOG! MUSTN'T ATTACK THE DOCTOR!
YOU MAKE LAUGH AT BRILL! OTHERS LAUGH-- ALL DIE!

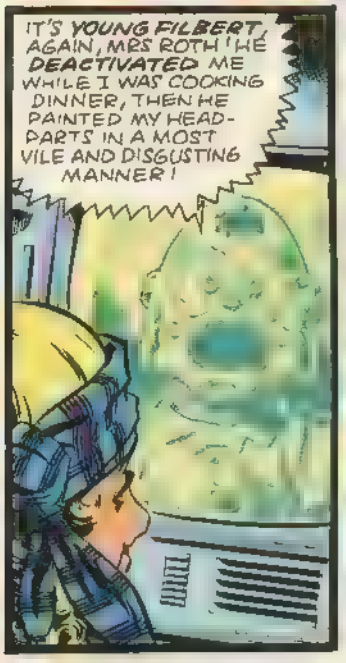

BRILL'S CLAWS NO FUNNY!
AAAH!

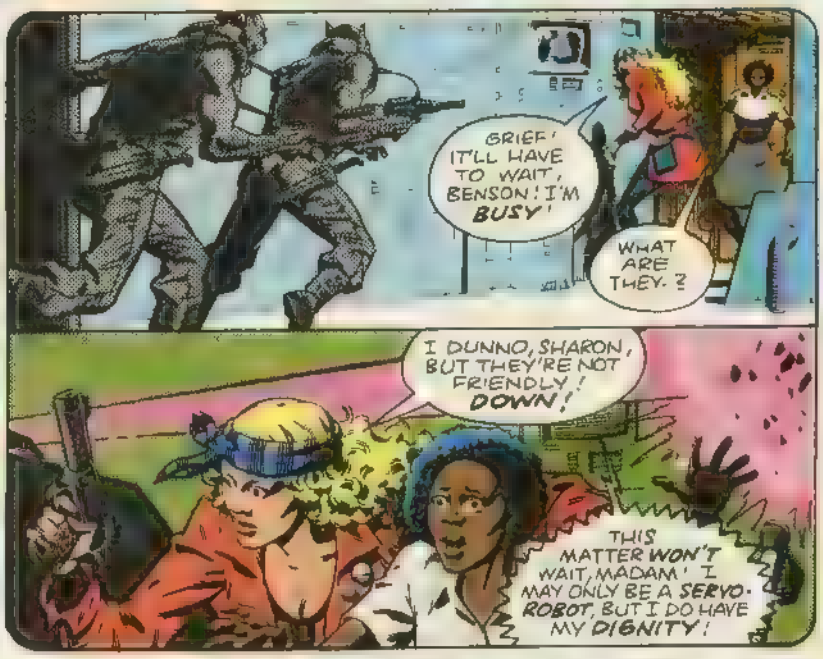

BRILL KILL!
REGRET I CANNOT HELP YOU, MASTER
NEVER MIND, K-9, I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING!


DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S UNLUCKY TO ATTACK CRAZY PEOPLE? AND I'M CRAZY-
SEE -- I'VE LOST MY MARBLES!
HHRRRAA!
LET'S GET YOU BACK ON YOUR TREADS, K-9!

THE CREATURE IS STUNNED, MASTER.
TWO OF THEM WENT DOWN TO THE ENGINE DECK! SHARON AND BABE ARE THERE! COME ON, K-9!

STAND BY, MRS ROTH I HAVE A PERSON TO PERSON VIDEO FROM MR BENSON N LUTINE BELL, NEW EARTH..
THE COMM-UNICATIONS MUST BE BACK ON!


IT'S YOUNG FILBERT, AGAIN, MRS ROTH! HE DEACTIVATED ME WHILE I WAS COOKING DINNER, THEN HE PAINTED MY HEAD-PARTS IN A MOST VILE AND DISGUSTING MANNER!

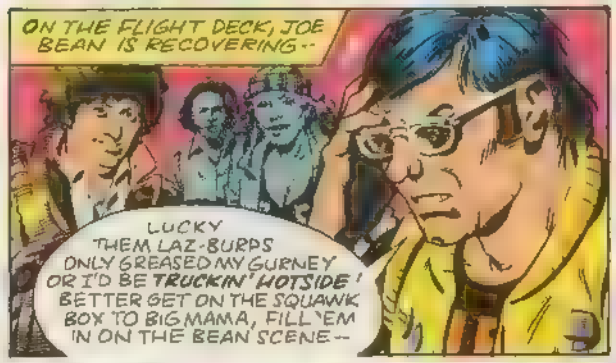

GRIEF! IT'LL HAVE TO WAIT, BENSON! I'M BUSY!
WHAT ARE THEY.?
I DUNNO, SHARON, BUT THEY'RE NOT FRIENDLY! DOWN!
THIS MATTER WON'T WAIT, MADAM! I MAY ONLY BE A SERVO-ROBOT, BUT I DO HAVE MY DIGNITY!

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO ABOUT IT?
YOU ARE THE BOY'S MOTHER, MADAM YOU MUST SPEAK TO HIM I HAVE HIM HERE--

HI, MA! I SHOWED STUFFY OLD BENSON, HUH! WHAT A LAUGH!
SEE WHAT I MEAN, MADAM!

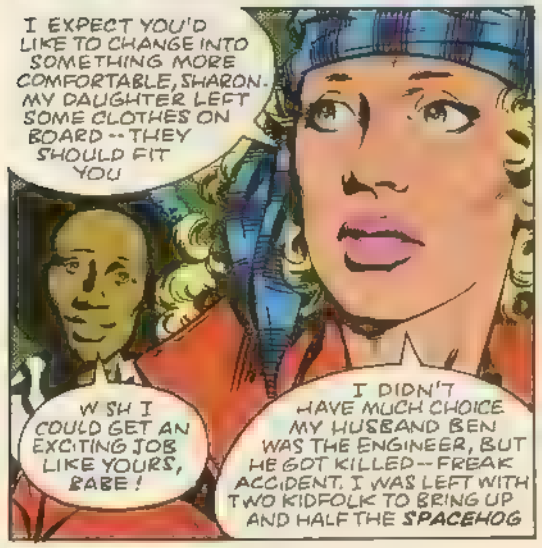
I JUST HAVEN'T GOT TIME FOR THIS! FILBERT! YOU STOP MISTREATING BENSON OR I'LL PUNCH YOUR SNOOT WHEN I GET HOME! NOW GOOD-BYE!

I SEE WE'RE NOT NEEDED HERE!
BABE FIXED THEM, DOCTOR! SHE'S A REAL SUPER-MUM!


ON THE FLIGHT DECK, JOE BEAN IS RECOVERING--
LUCKY THEM LAZ-BURPS ONLY GREASED MY GURNEY OR I'D BE TRUCKIN' HOTSIDE! BETTER GET ON THE SQUAWK BOX TO BIG MAMA, FILL 'EM IN ON THE BEAN SCENE--

THE THREE SURVIVING WERELOX ARE TAKEN TO THE SMALL MED-BAY...
THIS WILL KEEP THEM QUIET WHEN K-9'S STUN BOLT WEARS OFF.
THEY REMIND ME OF WERE-WOLVES FROM ALL THOSE OLD HORROR MOVIES. WONDER IF THEY'RE WEARING MASKS--

THEY'RE REAL ENOUGH! I'VE GOT THE SCRATCHES TO PROVE IT! NOW IF YOU'LL LEAVE ME IN PEACE, I MAY BE ABLE TO DISCOVER MORE ABOUT THEM!


I EXPECT YOU'D LIKE TO CHANGE INTO SOMETHING MORE COMFORTABLE, SHARON. MY DAUGHTER LEFT SOME CLOTHES ON BOARD -- THEY SHOULD FIT YOU
WISH I COULD GET AN EXCITING JOB LIKE YOURS, BABE!
I DIDN'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE. MY HUSBAND BEN WAS THE ENGINEER, BUT HE GOT KILLED -- FREAK ACCIDENT. I WAS LEFT WITH TWO KIDFOLK TO BRING UP AND HALF THE SPACEHOG

IN BABE'S QUARTERS--
I'VE NEVER BEEN ON ANOTHER PLANET. WHAT'S NEW EARTH LIKE?
A LOT SMALLER THAN YOUR EARTH. AND OF COURSE THERE ARE LESS THAN A MILLION PEOPLE IN THE WHOLE SYSTEM. WE'VE ONLY BEEN SETTLED HERE FOR FIFTY YEARS -- SINCE 2380, OLD EARTH TIME.

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL SYSTEM -- SO PEACEFUL! OVER THIRTY HABITABLE PLANETS AND NOT A SERIOUS ENEMY. NOT UNTIL TODAY, THAT S'
THAT'S HIGH SIERRA THE ICE PLANET NEXT STOP, NEW EARTH!
JUST LIKE OUR MOON! I'LL GO TELL THE DOCTOR WE'RE ALMOST THERE!
INTERESTING ...VENOM DUCTS IN BOTH CLAW AND FANG!

HMM WONDER WHAT PROPERTIES IT HAS? DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE AFFECTED ME -

GOOD LORD! MY HANDS!

WE'RE ALMOST AT NEW EARTH! DOCTOR -- WHAT'S WRONG?
AIEEE!

DOCTOR! WH--WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU?
PLEASE! DON'T HURT ME!

NRAAA!

ON THE FLIGHT DECK--
MERCY SAKES! THE BOW-WOW BOYS IS BACK!
DON'T SHOOT, MR BEAN! IT'S THE DOCTOR!

STAY AWAY FROM ME! CAN'T-- CONTROL MYSELF!

GROTESQUE CLAWS PUSH OPEN THE TARDIS'S DOOR--
K-9! I NEED YOU!
INSIDE, THE DOCTOR - OR WHAT REMAINS OF HIM -- ACTIVATES THE EMERGENCY UNIT--
-AND THE TARDIS IS HURLED OUT OF TIME AND SPACE INTO A LIMBO AN EMPTINESS THAT CAN ONLY BE DESCRIBED AS ... NOWHERE--
K-9 'IF I TRY TO REACH THE CONTROLS AGAIN --STUN ME!

I'VE GOT A SAMPLE OF THE VENOM! THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE--
GOT TO FIGHT THIS THING--
FIGHT IT!
HE'S GONE!
POOR FELLA! MAYBE I SHOULDA JUST ZAPPED HIM--MIGHTA BEEN THE KINDEST THING!
IN THE TARDIS'S LAB, HOURS PASS--DAYS--AS THE DOCTOR STRUGGLES WITH THE BEAST INSIDE HIM--SEARCHING FOR THE ANTIDOTE--
ALL TOO OFTEN, THE BEAST TRIUMPHS!
NRRAAA!
--AND A BLACK, MURDEROUS VEIL SLIPS DOWN OVER THE DOCTOR'S MIND--
REGRET I MUST CARRY OUT YOUR INSTRUCTIONS, MASTER.
AFTERWARDS, THERE ARE ALWAYS THE SPELLS OF LUCIDITY...
NOT MUCH VENOM LEFT... CAN'T KEEP WASTING IT LIKE THIS!
PERHAPS THE DOCTOR'S OWN INHUMANITY SAVES HIM FROM THE FULL EFFECT OF THE VENOM--
OR PERHAPS HE IS PROTECTED BY SOME AS YET UNKNOWN POWER OF THE TARDIS...
BUT, AT LAST, A CURE IS FOUND--
IF THIS DOESN'T WORK--I'M DOOMED!

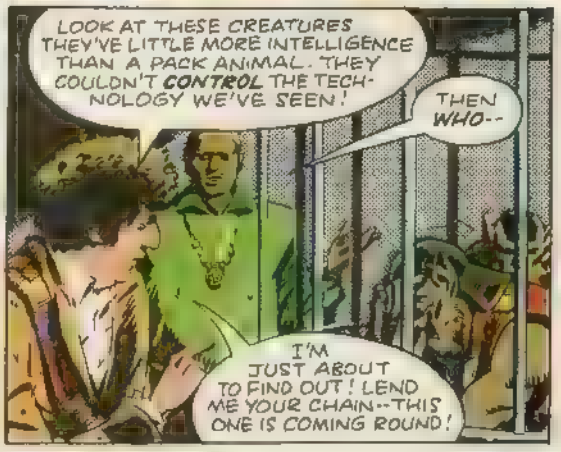
MASTER - YOU ARE WELL AGAIN
AS WELL AS CAN BE EXPECTED, K-9-- I FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN DRAGGED THROUGH A VELUSIAN TORTURE WHEEL!

THE TARDIS RE-APPEARS--
YOU MUST BE REALLY BRILLIANT, DOCTOR! YOU'VE ONLY BEEN GONE TEN MINUTES AND YOU'VE FOUND A CURE
TEN MINUTES! MY DEAR GIRL --I'VE BEEN AWAY NEARLY THREE MONTHS!

TWO HOURS LATER, THE 'SPACEHOG' REACHES NEW EARTH--

BELOW, SYSTEM PRESIDENT WILSON K WILSON IS WAITING--
APART FROM THE ATTACK ON YOUR SHIP, WE'VE LOST CONTACT WITH TWO OUTLYING PLANETS-- DAVY CROCKETT AND LITTLE YUGOSLAVIA. WE MUST ASSUME THEY VE BEEN OVER-RUN THESE CREATURES ARE PO SONOUS, YOU SAY?
YES, THE VENOM APPEARS TO LIE DORMANT UNTIL THE BODY IS SUBJECTED TO LIGHT OF A CERTAIN INTENSITY MOONLIGHT, SAY. I'VE GIVEN A SAMPLE OF THE ANTI DOTE TO YOUR SCIENTISTS

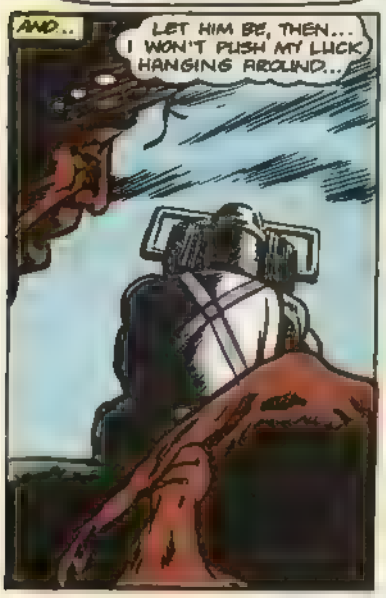
THIS WHOLE SYSTEM IS IN DANGER, MR PRESIDENT I'VE GOT A FEELING YOU HAVEN'T EVEN MET YOUR REAL ENEMY YET!

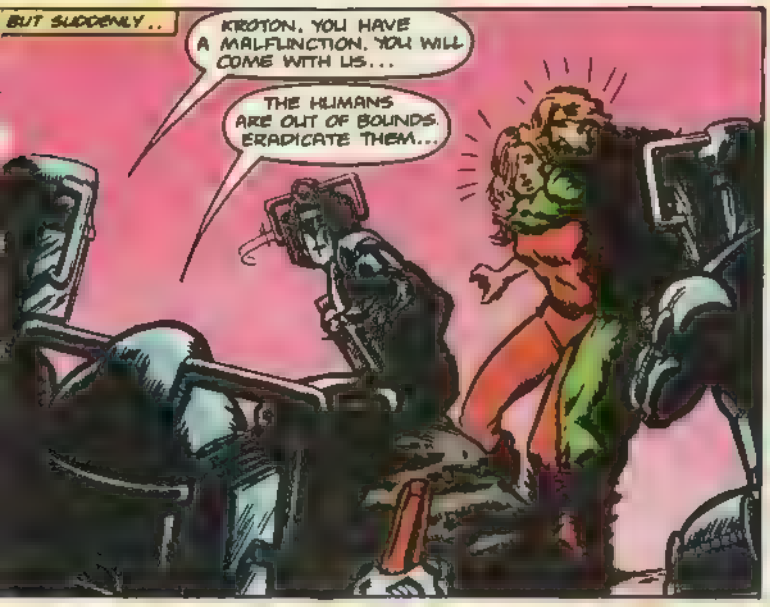

LOOK AT THESE CREATURES THEY'VE LITTLE MORE INTELLIGENCE THAN A PACK ANIMAL. THEY COULDN'T CONTROL THE TECHNOLOGY WE'VE SEEN!
THEN WHO--
I'M JUST ABOUT TO FIND OUT! LEND ME YOUR CHAIN--THIS ONE IS COMING ROUND!

NEXT ISSUE THE DALEK MASTERS!

# THROWBACK

## THE SOUL of a CYBERMAN — PART THREE



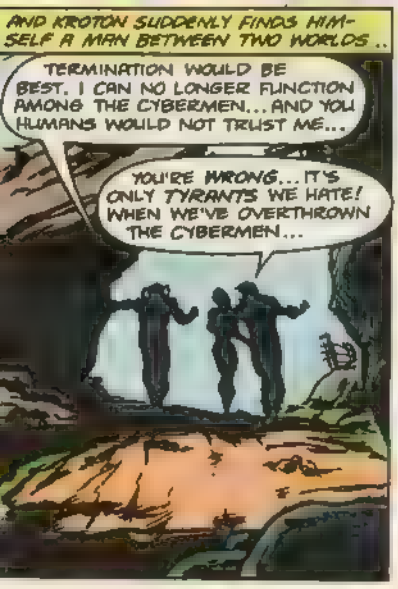

BUT SUDDENLY..
KROTON, YOU HAVE A MALFUNCTION. YOU WILL COME WITH US...
THE HUMANS ARE OUT OF BOUNDS. ERADICATE THEM...

AND AS THAT COLD, RUTHLESS COMMAND PROCEEDS FROM THE CYBERMAN'S VOICE-BOX
KROTON SNAPS!
NO!

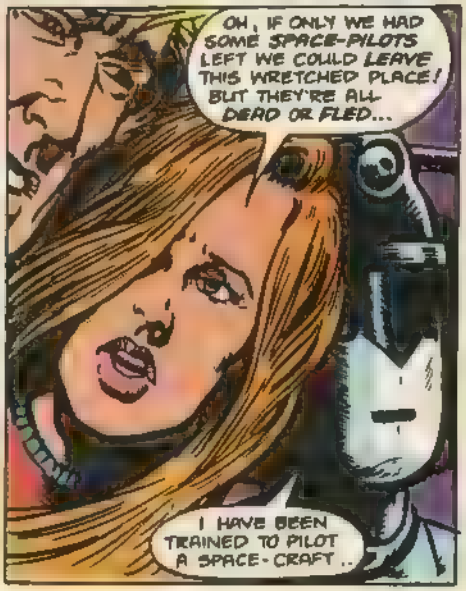
KROTON? WHAT..?
BRAAK!

AND, INSTANTS LATER, IT IS OVER..
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, KROTON? WHY..?
I DO NOT KNOW. I MUST HAVE A MALFUNCTION... I SHALL REPORT FOR TERMINATION...

NO! DON'T YOU SEE? IT ISN'T A MALFUNCTION! INSIDE THAT METAL BODY OF YOURS...YOU'RE HUMAN!
HUMAN? ME?


AND KROTON SUDDENLY FINDS HIMSELF A MAN BETWEEN TWO WORLDS..
TERMINATION WOULD BE BEST. I CAN NO LONGER FUNCTION AMONG THE CYBERMEN... AND YOU HUMANS WOULD NOT TRUST ME...
YOU'RE WRONG... IT'S ONLY TYRANTS WE HATE! WHEN WE'VE OVERTHROWN THE CYBERMEN...

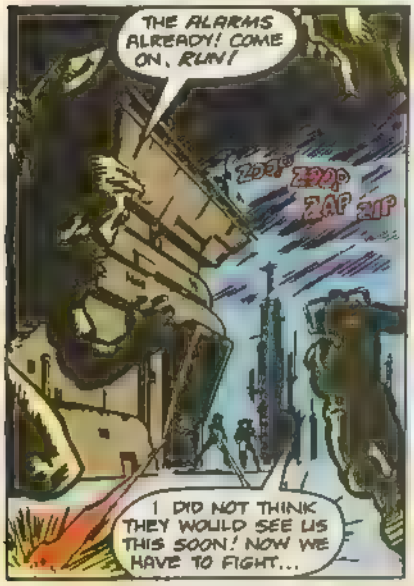
NO, YOU CANNOT DO THAT. THE CYBERMEN ARE EXPECTING IT... THEY WILL CRUSH YOU AT THE BEGINNING...
YOU MUST DO SOMETHING ILLOGICAL... HUMAN...

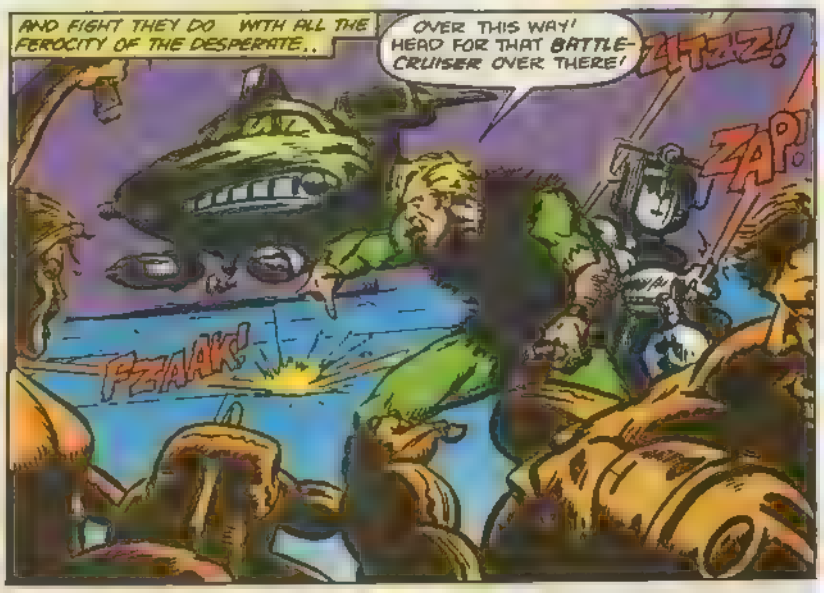

OH, IF ONLY WE HAD SOME SPACE-PILOTS LEFT WE COULD LEAVE THIS WRETCHED PLACE! BUT THEY'RE ALL DEAD OR FLED...
I HAVE BEEN TRAINED TO PILOT A SPACE-CRAFT..

THEN IF WE COULD RAID THE SPACEPORT... STEAL A SHIP
THE CYBERMEN WOULD NOT BE EXPECTING THAT...
WE'LL GATHER OUR PEOPLE TOGETHER... MEET YOU NEAR THE SPACEPORT AT DUSK...

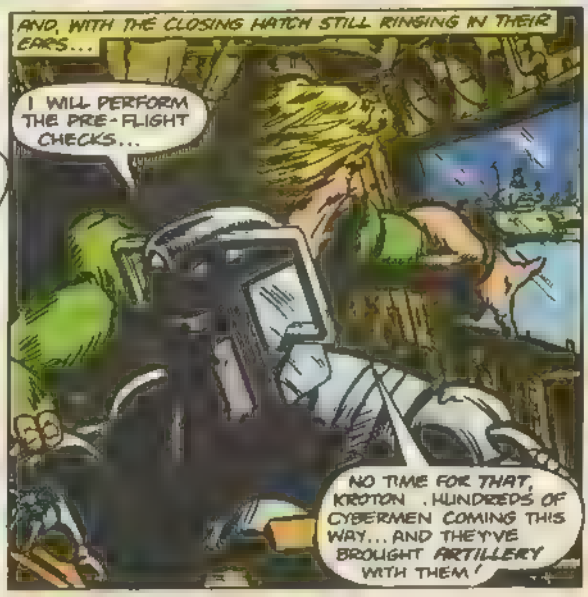
AND SO, AS THE SUN SINKS LOW
IS THIS ALL? NO MORE THAN THIRTY?
THEY'RE ALL THE ONES WHO'LL TRUST A CYBERMAN... THE COWARDS'LL JUST HAVE TO STAY BEHIND..!

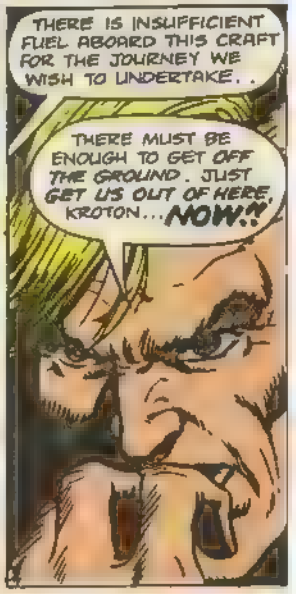
THEN
OUT OF SIGHT UNTIL I HAVE CUT THROUGH THE FENCE... THEN THEY WILL HAVE TO MOVE AS FAST AS THEY CAN...
FR CK!

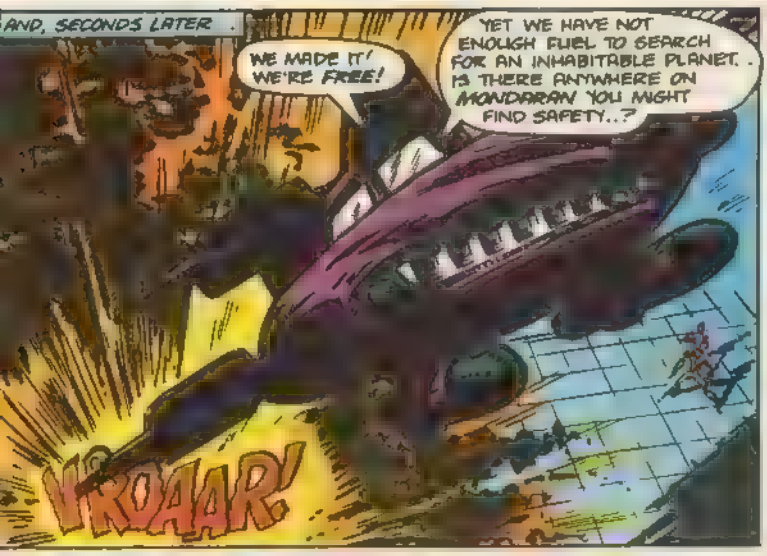

THE ALARMS ALREADY! COME ON, RUN!
ZAP ZAP ZAP ZAP
I DID NOT THINK THEY WOULD SEE US THIS SOON! NOW WE HAVE TO FIGHT...

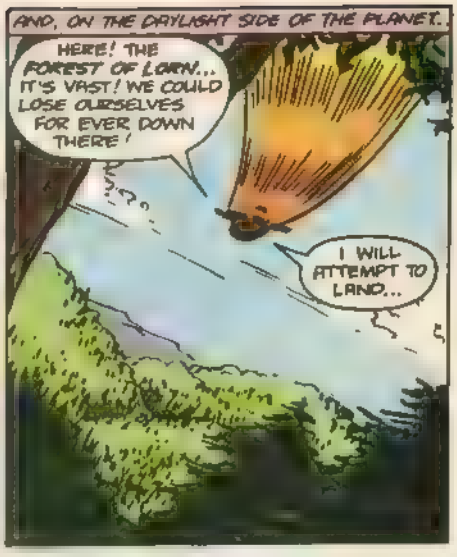

AND FIGHT THEY DO WITH ALL THE FEROCITY OF THE DESPERATE..
OVER THIS WAY! HEAD FOR THAT BATTLE-CRUISER OVER THERE!
ZTZZ!
ZAP!
FZZAAK!

AND THEN
COME ON... GET ABOARD! THEY'RE CLOSING IN FAST!
ZAP!
YOU TOO, KROTON...WE NEED YOU TO GET THIS THING WARMED UP!

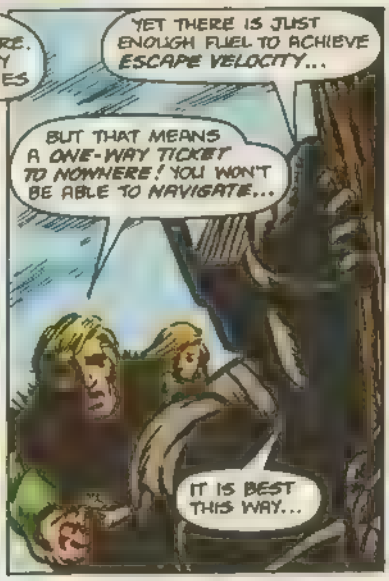

AND, WITH THE CLOSING HATCH STILL RINGING IN THEIR EARS...
I WILL PERFORM THE PRE-FLIGHT CHECKS...
NO TIME FOR THAT, KROTON . HUNDREDS OF CYBERMEN COMING THIS WAY... AND THEY'VE BROUGHT ARTILLERY WITH THEM!


THERE IS INSUFFICIENT FUEL ABOARD THIS CRAFT FOR THE JOURNEY WE WISH TO UNDERTAKE. .
THERE MUST BE ENOUGH TO GET OFF THE GROUND. JUST GET US OUT OF HERE, KROTON... NOW!!

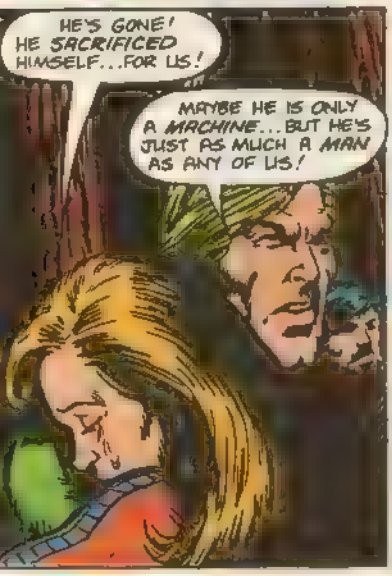

AND, SECONDS LATER.
WE MADE IT! WE'RE FREE!
YET WE HAVE NOT ENOUGH FUEL TO SEARCH FOR AN INHABITABLE PLANET. IS THERE ANYWHERE ON MONDARAN YOU MIGHT FIND SAFETY..?
VROAAR!

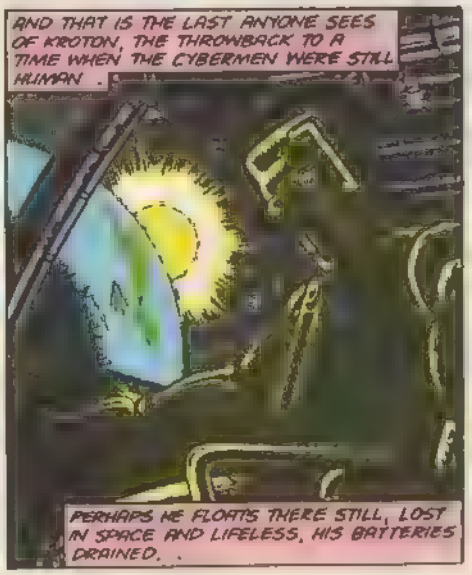

AND, ON THE DAYLIGHT SIDE OF THE PLANET.
HERE! THE FOREST OF LORN... IT'S VAST! WE COULD LOSE OURSELVES FOR EVER DOWN THERE!
I WILL ATTEMPT TO LAND...

MINUTES LATER..
WE'RE FREE.. AND SAFE! THEY'LL NEVER FIND US... BUT WE'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THE SHIP.. IT'S TOO VISIBLE FROM THE AIR...
YES, YOU ARE SAFE.. BUT I DO NOT BELONG HERE. BESIDES, THERE IS NO WAY TO RECHARGE MY BATTERIES IN THE JUNGLE...


YET THERE IS JUST ENOUGH FUEL TO ACHIEVE ESCAPE VELOCITY...
BUT THAT MEANS A ONE-WAY TICKET TO NOWHERE! YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO NAVIGATE...
IT IS BEST THIS WAY...

AND SO


HE'S GONE! HE SACRIFICED HIMSELF...FOR US!
MAYBE HE IS ONLY A MACHINE... BUT HE'S JUST AS MUCH A MAN AS ANY OF US!


AND THAT IS THE LAST ANYONE SEES OF KROTON, THE THROWBACK TO A TIME WHEN THE CYBERMEN WERE STILL HUMAN.
PERHAPS HE FLOATS THERE STILL, LOST IN SPACE AND LIFELESS, HIS BATTERIES DRAINED..

THE END

THE FANS OF
DOCTOR
WHO
TM
POLICE BOX

**Jean Alrey** and **Gail Bennett** are two of the most active **Doctor Who** fans in the United States. **Gail** is President of the North American Time Festival Board, an organization formed to help organize DW conventions around the country. **Jean** is Secretary / Treasurer of the organization, and charman of the first Time Festival, held this past June in Columbus, Ohio. **Patrick Daniel O'Neill** spoke to them there.

**Q.** When was the first *Doctor Who* convention in the United States?

**JA:** Who One, in Los Angeles, in 1980, was first. It started out as a convention with no guests. When the organizers were over in England, they said, "If you folks could make it to our con, it would be real nice." Of course they couldn't, because they'd be filming. Then the BBC had a strike, so it wound up they had the then-producer, **Graham Williams**, and **Tom Baker**, with **Terrance Dicks**, the former script editor and author of many of the Target novels, who had agreed to come earlier. When it worked out that **Williams** and **Baker** could come, they called the day before the convention and said, "Hey, do you want us?" So it was unadvertised, and pulled 800 people, I believe — about 600 more than the organizers expected, and overflowed the hotel

**Q.** Why did you feel it was necessary to set up the Time Festivals as a way to run conventions?

**JA:** We really liked the idea of a national traveling **Doctor Who** convention, where you could go to other parts of the country and meet other fans. However, we didn't feel there should be one person saying this is where it goes, or that is where it goes — we felt it should be the decision of the fans going to the convention. We decided to copy the well-established World Science Fiction Convention, which has done it for 41 years, and allow the convention to travel by the vote of the fans deciding where it goes next.

**GB:** Also, we felt, with the advancing pride of profit-making conventions, with businessmen running the cons, rather than the fans, with the stars being paid fees ( which is not wrong, but makes it difficult for fans to get the guests without being paid fees), that by banding together and working together, we would be able to raise the money necessary to front something like that. By working together we'll be stronger. Not that we discourage the commercial cons, as long as they're honest and the fans have a good time, but we still think it's necessary to keep the fan-run conventions alive.

**Q.** What can a fan who's never been to a convention expect to see and do there?

**GB:** It depends on the individual convention, what their thrust is. Most conventions will have some videos, and an area where you can buy the merchandise, that is unavailable in the general market. Primarily they can look forward to meeting the guests, if the con has them. A lot of smaller cons can't afford guests, at least not the stars or crew of the show. I was a guest of honor at a con in New Orleans,

# U.N.I.T.

## THE UNITED NATIONS INTELLIGENCE TASKFORCE

as just somebody who could talk to them, tell them something about the show, and answer questions. The videos and merchandise are very special, especially to younger kids. On top of everything, overall, most important is meeting other people with an interest in **Doctor Who**, having a chance to get away from reality, if you will, and get together with people with a similar interest. These things are developing into family reunions.

**JA:** And a new fan can become part of the family . . .

**GB:** Immediately. People are welcomed in. I've never seen a distinction in fan groups based on any kind of race, religion, sex, handicap, or length of time as a fan. Everybody has this common interest, and a convention is a place to get to know people and make new friends. And it can be hard to say goodbye when it's over

**Q.** Given that **Doctor Who**'s distribution around the country is sporadic how do fans keep up with information about the series, particularly if it's not currently showing in their area?

**JA:** You buy magazines, and comic books, anything that has information like that . . .

**GB:** And newspapers and newsletters. You buy a video recorder and trade tapes with your friends. You go to conventions, where you can catch up with new episodes

**JA:** I don't think there's any fan who can access those sources who would say that they would not prefer to have **Doctor Who** running in their city. I'm in Columbus, where the show has not been broadcast for two-and-a-half years. It's very frustrating to talk to someone and have them say, "Oh yes, I remember that show. It's off the air now — they're not making it any more," when you know the series is beginning production on its 22nd season in Britain. It's much nicer when the show is playing and you can see it. Every fan wants to keep the series on the air all over the country

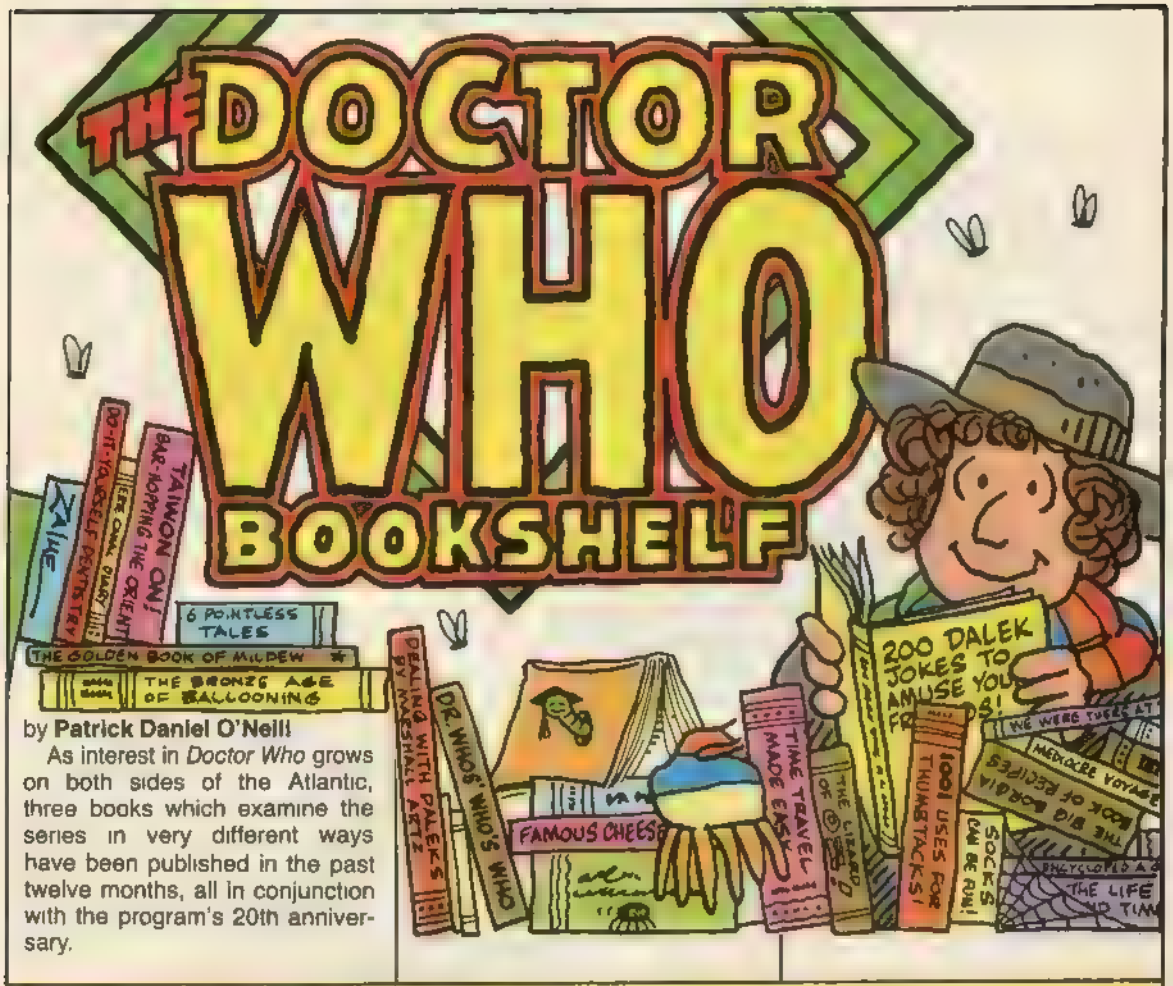
**Q.** How should a fan get his local PBS station to run **Doctor Who** if it's not running there already?

**JA:** Call the program director at the station and talk to him politely. Assume that he wants to show the series. If he really doesn't know how popular it is, see if you can go in and talk to him and get some figures together. Where the show is running, it raises more contributor dollars for the station, during the time around it, than any other show. That's the kind of thing you have to show the people in the programming department. They're the ones who make the decision. It is not an inexpensive show, by any means, for a PBS station to buy. And in some areas, if it's shown at strange times, it may not do very well. One place was airing it at one a.m., and wondering why it wasn't a runaway hit. Basically, the thing to say is "**Doctor Who** is popular, and the people who watch it will support the station." That's proven, that's a track record. Then just hope that Lionheart Television will get together with the local station and do the selling from their end as well.

The 1985 Time Festival is scheduled for next spring in New Orleans. In addition, the Time Festival Board has established the American Panatropic Club Network, whereby **Doctor Who** fans can keep in touch with the latest news about fan activities and the series. For more information about the APC Network and the Time Festivals, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: APC Net, c/o Jean Airey, 6626 Rocky Den Rd., Reynoldsburg, OH 43068.

**Leela...**

# THE DOCTOR WHO BOOKSHELF

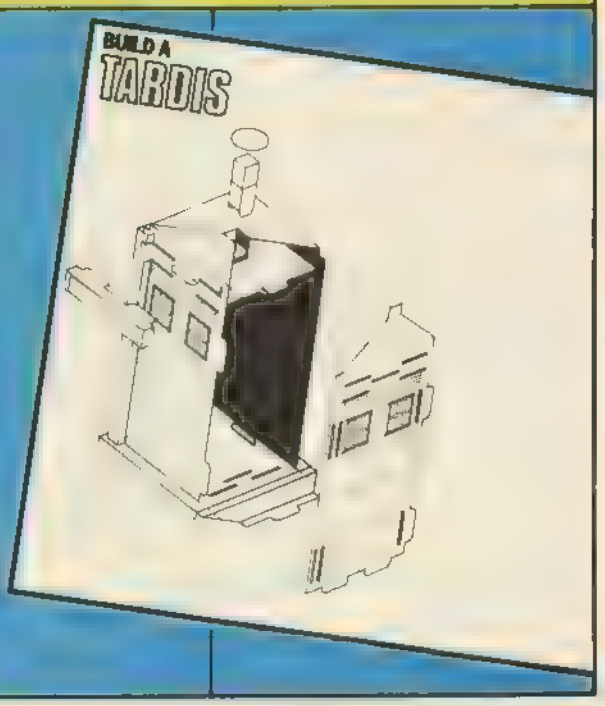



by **Patrick Daniel O'Neill**

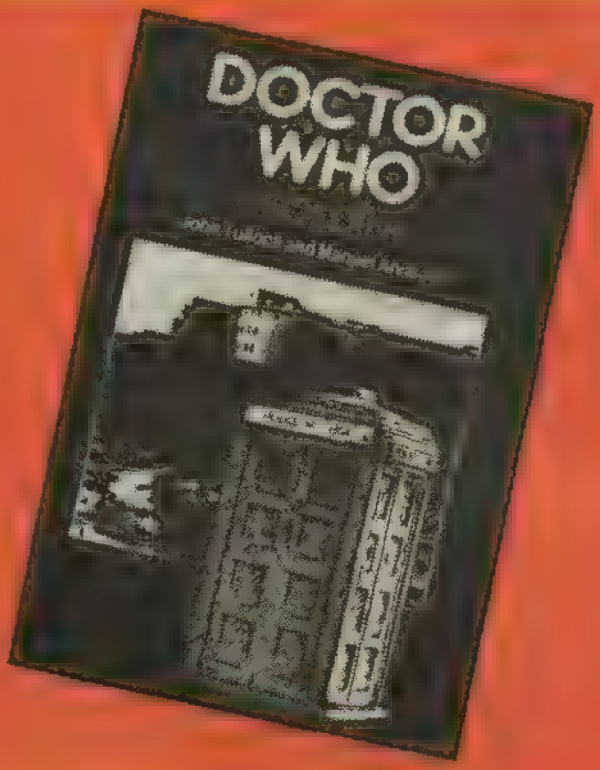
As interest in *Doctor Who* grows on both sides of the Atlantic, three books which examine the series in very different ways have been published in the past twelve months, all in conjunction with the program's 20th anniversary.

## BUILD YOUR OWN TARDIS

The first of these volumes is *The Doctor Who Technical Manual*, originally published in Britain by Severn House, and now available in an American edition from Random House. The slim book features page after page of black-and-white line drawings of machines and weapons from throughout *Doctor Who's* history. Included are a schematic layout of the TARDIS control panel, the contents of **the Doctor's** repair kit, including a close-up of the Sonic Screwdriver, and a marvelously-handled cross-section of a **Dalek**. While the text seems a bit juvenile at times, some of the information — exact dimensions of the Screwdriver and K-9, for example — may be of great help and interest to the amateur model-maker or costumer who wants to build an accurate recreation of a *Doctor Who* prop



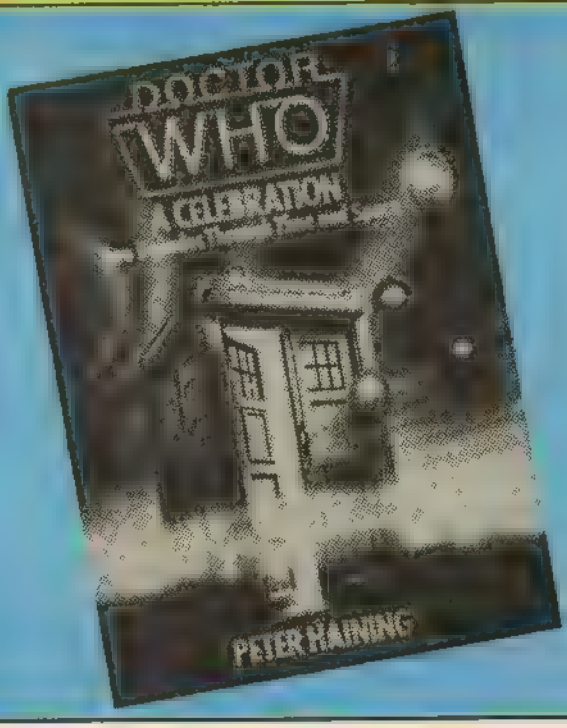
# DEEP SCHOLARSHIP




The last of this trio is perhaps the most unusual. *Doctor Who: The Unfolding Text*, by John Tulloch and Manuel Alvarado, is a scholarly work, attempting to place the program in context as science-fiction, as a part of British culture in the late 20th century, and as television. Published in the U.S. by St. Martin's Press, the early parts of the work can be pretty heavy going, as the authors set out the sociological and literary theories by which they have examined the show's 20 years. They are worth struggling through for the serious reader however, because the later chapters include excerpts from interviews with several of the series' producers and script editors, with frank comments about the show, and about their work in it, that you won't find in any other published statements. This is a heavy piece of real criticism, the first that I have seen of any science-fiction series since *Star Trek*. You may not agree with many of the theories and comments made by the authors or their interview subjects, but the result is fascinating reading.

# CELEBRATING TWO DECADES

The next of these three tomes is *Doctor Who: A Celebration — 20 Years Through Time and Space*, by Peter Haining. The massive book, not yet available in an American edition, is published by W.H. Allen, parent company of Target, which also publishes the novelizations of the program, and can be found in many U.S. comic and science-fiction specialty shops. Haining, obviously a fan of the series as well as a professional writer, includes lots of photographs, much detailed information about the series' beginnings, interviews with the four surviving former Doctors (Patrick Troughton, Jon Pertwee, Tom Baker and Peter Davison) and a talk with the widow of the first Doctor, Mrs. William Hartnell. The book also features information about and interviews with many of the series regulars and its producers and writers. This book is a worthy adjunct to any *Doctor Who* fan's library



THE TIME-ARCHIVES OF GALLFREY CONTAIN A MYRIAD STORIES FROM PLANETS SCATTERED FAR THROUGH SPACE AND TIME ALL MY OLD FOES APPEAR N THOSE RECORDS -- DALEKS, CYBERMEN AND OF COURSE THE SONTARANS YOU MAY REMEMBER MY BATTLES W TH A SONTARAN CALLED LYNX ... BUT TODAY I WANT TO TELL YOU OF ANOTHER OF THAT RACE -- WHO WAS ON --
THIS IS KATSU -- AND EVEN AMONG THE WAR-LIKE SONTARANS, HE HAS A REPUTATION FOR BEING ONE OF THE FIERCEST OF ALL ---
RIGHT -- THAT'S PROGRAMMED IN AN AUTOMATIC COURSE FOR ALEPH-777...
THE FINAL QUEST
SCRIPT STEVE MOORE ART PAUL NEARY
BORN AND RAISED A WARRIOR -- THE VICTOR OF A THOUSAND ENCOUNTERS
NOW THERE'S NOTHING LEFT TO DO BUT SLEEP AND CONSERVE ENERGY FOR THE BATTLE TO COME ... BEFORE I ATTAIN MY GOAL...
TO SLEEP --- PERCHANCE TO DREAM --- OF FORMER TRIUMPHS -- OF FORMER STRUGGLES --
FOR, ALL HIS LIFE, KATSU HAS SOUGHT THE GRIM JOY OF BATTLE --- THE TAINTED THRILL OF TRIUMPH ---
AAGH!
EVEN AMONG SONTARANS, KATSU IS NOTED FOR HIS SUPREME VICIOUSNESS
NO, KATSU -- PLEASE!
BEGGING? BEGGING IS FOR LESSER RACES!
AAYAAAAARGH
BUT THE SONTARAN CODE OF HONOUR IS SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT TO OUR OWN --
BAH! A REAL WARRIOR WOULD HAVE LET GO LONG BEFORE THIS!

YET ALWAYS, BEFORE LONG, COMES A DIFFERENT DREAM - A NIGHTMARE THAT WILL TORTURE KATSU'S SOUL FOR THE REST OF HIS DAYS ...

NNGH-- NO!

OF A TIME HE FOUGHT THE ALIEN LEVANAXUS ON THE DEAD-WORLD, KETH--

AND LOST!

NONE SAVE KATSU KNOW OF THIS HUMILIATION - FOR HE WAS ABLE TO ERADICATE THE EVIDENCE AS SOON AS HE REGAINED THE SAFETY OF HIS SPACESHIP...

AND YET THE MEMORY OF THIS ONE DEFEAT CONTINUES TO HAUNT HIM -- HARDENING HIS RESOLVE NEVER TO FACE SUCH DISGRACE AGAIN ...

UH -- WHA-- AH, THE DREAM -- AGAIN!

SO HE SPENDS HIS DAYS SCOURING THE GALAXY FOR SUPER-WEAPONS -- ALWAYS SEARCHING FOR THE ONE ULTIMATE WEAPON -- AGAINST WHICH THERE IS NO DEFENCE ...

AND THEN, SURE OF HIS OWN INVINCIBILITY, HE WILL BE ABLE TO SLEEP AT NIGHT...

AND IT IS THIS QUEST WHICH HAS BROUGHT HIM TO ALEPH-777 A WORLD OF IDYLLIC PEACE...

A TRANQUILLITY ASSURED BY THE KNOWLEDGE THAT THE INHABITANTS CAN, AS A FINAL RESORT, RELY ON THE ULTIMATE ARMAMENT...

WHICH IS EXACTLY WHAT KATSU SEEKS--

WELCOME, STRANGER! HOW MAY WE BE OF SERVICE TO YOU?

I WANT ONLY ONE THING, YOU SPINDLY WORM-- THIS WEAPON OF YOURS! AND I'LL USE FORCE TO GET IT!

BUT WE ARE PEACEFUL -- WE WILL NOT FIGHT YOU--

AND PEACE IS SOMETHING THAT KATSU JUST DOES NOT UNDERSTAND---

YOU CANNOT FORCE US TO BRING OUT OUR ARMAMENT WITH PETTY ACTS OF VIOLENCE! WE WOULD SACRIFICE OURSELVES FIRST!

YOU'LL FIGHT SOON ENOUGH IF I START DESTROYING YOUR VILLAGE--- KILLING YOUR COMPANIONS!

KILL ME THEN! YOU CANNOT KILL EVERY LIVING THING ON THE PLANET!

BUT THE ULTIMATE WEAPON CAN-- AND THAT IS WHY WE WILL NOT USE IT AGAINST YOU! YOU ARE NOT A GREAT ENOUGH THREAT!

WHY, YOU PUNY WRETCH! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW---

STRIKE THEN! BUT FIRST I MUST TELL YOU THAT THE WEAPON IS NO LONGER HERE! ONE OF OUR PEOPLE IS ALREADY TAKING IT TO A PLACE OF SAFETY!

WHAT?!

AND KATSU NO LONGER HAS ANY INTEREST IN THE SIMPLE VILLAGERS.

THE FOOLS! DO THEY THINK A RUSTY HULK LIKE THAT CAN OUTRUN MY SHIP? THEY'VE PLAYED INTO MY HANDS!

AND WITH ENGINES ON OVER-DRIVE, CLOAKED BY INVISIBILITY SCREENS. KATSU SETS OFF IN PURSUIT---

HA! I KNEW THAT ANCIENT TUB COULD GO NO FARTHER THAN ANOTHER PLANET IN THE SAME SYSTEM! I'LL BE RIGHT ON HIS TAIL WHEN HE LANDS!

AND SO, KATSU ARRIVES ON OMEGA-666 - A WORLD THE HAND OF NATURE HAS CHOSEN NOT TO DECORATE WITH ANY FORM OF LIFE--

THERE HE IS! TRYING TO HIDE IT! THE SIMPLE-MINDED IDIOT!

FINISHED-- AND ONCE I LEAVE HERE --HE'LL NEVER FIND IT!

STAND ASIDE, WORM --I'M ALREADY HERE!

NO! YOU MUST NOT!

AND WILL YOU STOP ME? NOT NOW -- NOT WHEN I'M SO CLOSE!

NOW WE'LL SEE EXACTLY WHAT IT IS THAT YOU'VE HIDDEN!

NO!

AND THEN--

THIS? THIS IS YOUR ULTIMATE WEAPON? A SIMPLE METAL FLASK?

NOT THE FLASK--BUT IT'S CONTENTS! YOU MUST GIVE IT BACK!

NO-ONE GIVES ORDERS TO A SONTARAN WARRIOR, WRETCH YOU ONLY MAKE IT MORE CERTAIN THAT I'LL KEEP IT!

THEN I BEG YOU -- DO NOT OPEN THE FLASK!

WHINING PLEASES ME EVEN LESS! WHAT COULD YOU HAVE SO IMPORTANT IN A SIMPLE SCREW-TOP CONTAINER?

IS THIS ALL? A PUTRID SLUDGE IS THE ULTIMATE WEAPON?

YES! AND THE ULTIMATE TRAP! WHY DO YOU THINK I TRICKED YOU INTO COMING TO THIS LIFELESS WORLD -- WHERE NO MORE THAN YOU AND I WOULD SUFFER?

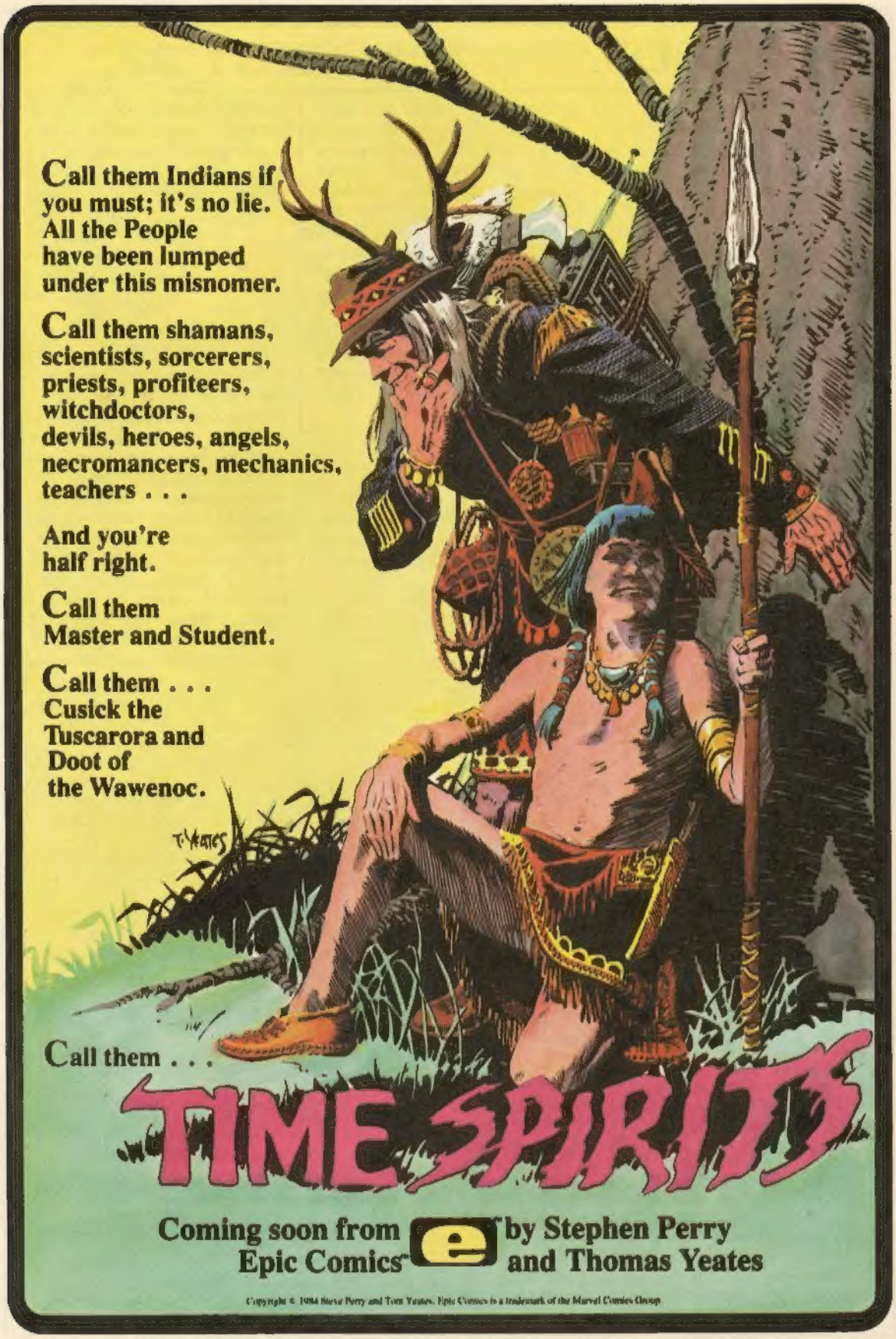
WHY TAUNT YOU INTO OPENING IT?

YES, THE ULTIMATE WEAPON IS OMEGAN GREEN PLAGUE! THERE'S NO ANTIDOTE KNOWN IN THE GALAXY!

WELL, KATSU? SHOULD NOT A SONTARAN WARRIOR SMILE AS HE FACES DEATH?

ALAS, POOR KATSU -- A MIGHTY WARRIOR, TRICKED BY THE MOST PEACEFUL PEOPLE IN THE GALAXY -- DEFEATED BY THE SMALLEST FOE IMAGINABLE -- BUT PERHAPS IT'S JUST -- FOR KATSU WAS NO MORE MERCIFUL THAN THE VIRUS THAT KILLED HIM!

*The End.*


Call them Indians if you must; it's no lie. All the People have been lumped under this misnomer.
Call them shamans, scientists, sorcerers, priests, profiteers, witchdoctors, devils, heroes, angels, necromancers, mechanics, teachers . . .
And you're half right.
Call them Master and Student.
Call them . . . Cusick the Tuscarora and Doot of the Wawenoc.
T. YEATES
Call them . . .
TIME SPIRITS
Coming soon from Epic Comics
by Stephen Perry and Thomas Yeates
Copyright © 1984 Steve Perry and Tom Yeates. Epic Comics is a trademark of the Marvel Comics Group

# WHO CARES

Send your letters to: DOCTOR WHO, Marvel Comics Group, 387 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10016

Dear Marvel,

I was so excited when I found out you were going to publish a **DOCTOR WHO** comic that I could hardly wait to write — in fact, I haven't even read issue #1 yet!

I started watching *Doctor Who* about six years ago. A few years after I got hooked by the TV series, **The Doctor's** adventures were chronicled in **MARVEL PREMIERE**, but unfortunately they didn't last long. Now I'm delighted to find an American companion to the excellent British **DOCTOR WHO MONTHLY.** I'm sure you'll make a success of it — but I already have a few suggestions anyway!

First, bring in as many of **the Doctor's** old adversaries as possible, but without going overboard. The comic strip that has run in the British **DOCTOR WHO MONTHLY** was best when the Ice Warriors and the Meddling Mônk appeared. Second, keep the companions in the stories you print. They often add something special to the all-around effect of the story. Third, experiment with various portrayals of **the Doctor.** Finally, if possible, I'd like to see Logopolis or Terror of the Zygons in your new comic. Keep bringing us **the Doctor** as long as you can — I even have a suggestion for the letter column's title. How's TARDIS Talk?

Matt Haverstick
P.O. Box 59
Washington Bord, PA 17582

Dear Folks,

Starting up a DOCTOR WHO magazine is a great idea. We all are waiting to read the adventures of this bumbling time traveler in Marvel comics.

One question — how did **the Doctor's** jelly babies become jelly beans? In issue #18 of **MARVEL AGE MAGAZINE**, edited by **Mr. Sallcrup**, you made the mistake of announcing the arrival of a "jelly bean eating time traveler." He eats jelly *babies!*

Sherry Daynard
102 Henrietta Street
Sault Ste. Marie
Ontario, CANADA
P6C 125

**Ok, ok! We got a whole bunch of letters from true blue fans of *the Doctor* that caught our misreference in *MARVEL AGE MAGAZINE* (which, despite its goofs, delivers you the latest and greatest in Marvel news, interviews, articles, artwork, and *Hembeck* every month for only 35¢ and is worth every penny — shameless plug!) We promise not to let it happen again! (*Reagan* is *beans, the Doctor* is babies! *Reagan* is beans, *the Doctor* is *babies* . . .)**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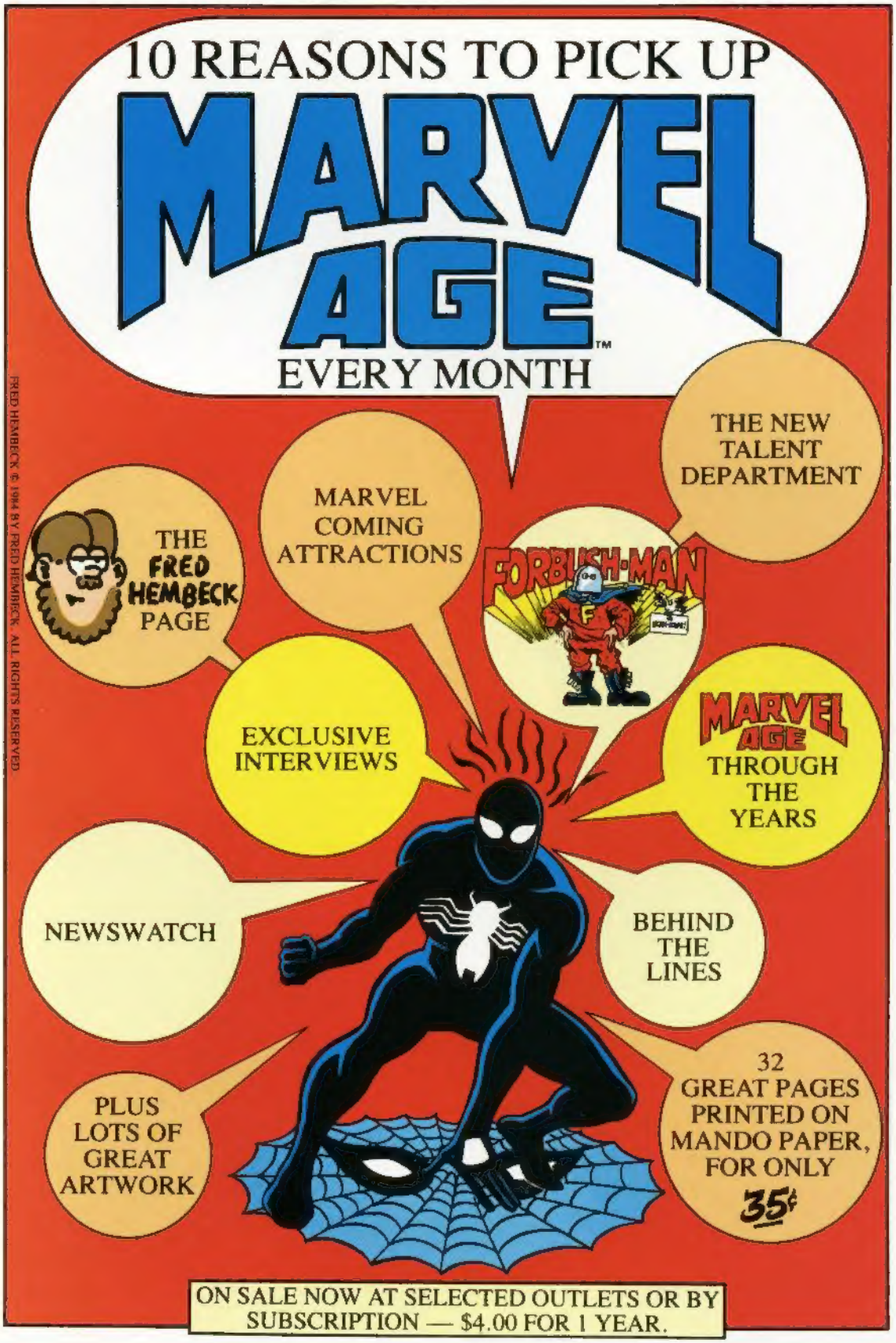
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